

THE
World turn'd upside down:

OR,
A briefe description of the ridiculous Fashions
of these distracted Times.

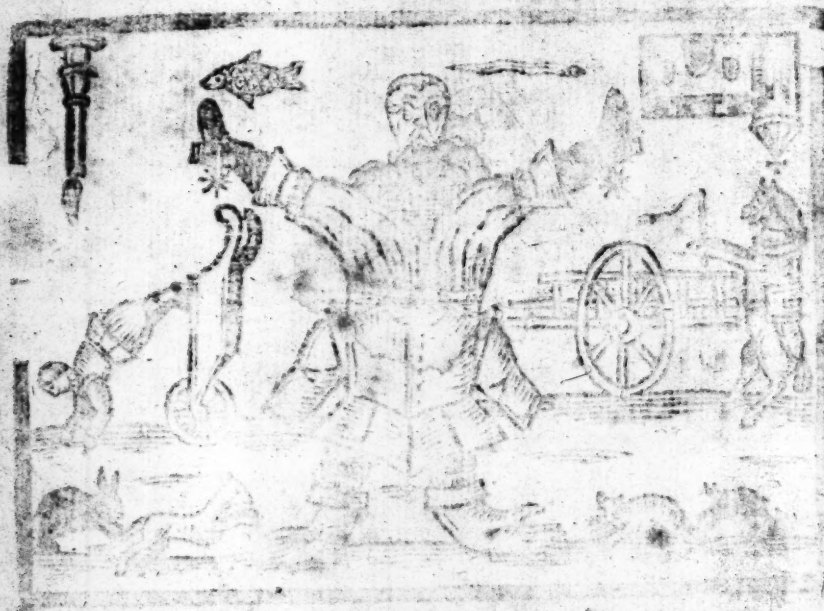
By T. J. a well-willer to King, Parliament and Kingdom.



London : Printed for John Smith. 1647.

THE
World turned upside down:

A satirical Description of the ridiculous Fashions
of the present Times.
By J. J. as well as every Fashions and Kingdom.



London: Printed for John Smith, 1717.

The World turned up-side-down

THe Picture that is printed in the front
Is like the Kingdom, if you look upon it.
For if you well do note it as it is,
It is a Transform'd Metamorphosis.
This monstrous Picture plainly doth declare
This Land (quite out of order) out of square.
His breeches on his shoulders do appeare,
His doublet on his lower parts doth weare,
His boots and spurs upon his armes, and hands,
His gloves upon his feet, (whereon he stands)
The Church o're-turnd, (a lamentable show)
The Candlestick above, the light below,
The Cony hunts the Dogge, the Rat the Cat,
The Horse doth whip the Cart, (I pray marke that).
The Wheelbarrow doth drive the man (oh base)
And Eccles, and Gudgeons flie a mighty pace.
And sure this is a Monster of strange fashion,
That doth surpasse all *Ovids* Transformation.
And this is Englands case this very day,
All things are turn'd the cleane contrary way,
For now, when as a royall Parliament
(With King, and Peers, and Commons whole consent)
Have sate above six years, with paines and cares,
And charge, to free us from our griefs and feares,
For when many a worthy Lord and Knight,
And good Esquire (for King, and Countreyes Right)
Have spent so much time with great toyle, and heed,
All Englands Vicious garden how to weed.

So like a Wildernesse 'twas over-runne,
That though much hath been done; all is not done.
The Devill doth perswade, entice and lurke,
And force bad men to set good men aworke.
That whilst the *Worthies* strive to right our wrongs,
And give to each man, what to him belongs;
Whilst they take paines to settle all things heere,
An *Irish Devill* doth madly domineere.
From Hells blacke Pit, begirt with Romish Armes,
Thousands of *Locusts* are in Troups and Swarmes,
More barbarous then the Heathens, worse then Jewes,
Nor Turkes or Tartars would such tortures use,
Sure that Religion can no waies bee good,
That so inhumanely delights in Blood:
Nor doth that Doctrine from the Scriptures spring,
For to rebell against God and the King.
Nay (further) murder, ravish, spoile, deflowre,
Burne and lay wast depopulate, devoure,
Not sparing Infants at the breast or wombe,
(To die where first they liv'd, their birth, their tombe)
'Tis said no Serpent, Adder, Snake, or Toade,
Can live in Ireland or have their abode:
'Tis strange that she those Vipers doth not kill,
That gnawes her bowells, and her blood doth spill,
Can Irish Earth kill all things venomous,
And can shee nurse such Vermin Mischievous:
Her owne sonnes Native, worse then strangers borne,
They have their Mothers Entrailles rent and torne,
(Yet still her indulgencie, harbours those,
And feeds those Rebels that do breed her woes:
God (in thy mercie) give her strength and ayd,
And courage, make her foes and ours dismay'd,
Thou Lord of Hosts, thine owne cause take in hand,
Thy foes (thine Antichristian foes) withstand;

Defend thy truth, and all our Armies guide ;
Our Enemies to scatter and deuide.
Thus leaving *Ireland* (with my hearty prayers)
To *Britaine* backe againe my Muse repaires :
Where I perceiue a Metamorphosis,
Is most preposterous, as the Picture is,
The world's turn'd up-side-downe, from bad to worse
Quite out of frame, *The Cart before the Horse*.
The Felt-maker, and sawcie stable Groome
Will dare to pearch into the Preachers roome ;
Each Ignorant, doe of the Spirit boast,
And prating fooles brag of the *Holy Ghost*,
When *Ignoramus* will his Teacher teach,
And Sow-gelders and Coblers dare to preach,
This shewes, mens wits are monstrously disguis'd,
Or that our Countrey is *Antipodis'd*.
When as the Lords Prayer is almost neglected,
And all Church-Government is quite rejected,
When to avoid a *Romish* *Papists* name,
A man must be unmannerly, past shame,
When he that doth shew reverence, doth offend,
And he seemes best, that will not bow or bend,
When he that into Gods House doth not come,
As to a Stable, or a Tipling Roome,
Is counted for a *Popish* Favorite,
And branded so, despis'd, and scorn'd with spite.
When he that (of his waies) doth conscience make,
And in his heart doth world, flesh, scind forsake,
Loves God with all his soule, adores no pelfe,
And loves his Neighbour, as he loves himselfe,
This man is rare to finde, yet this rare man
Shall have the hatefull name of Puritan :
When execrations pierce the firmament,
And oathes doe batter 'gainst heavens battlement :

When

When imprecations, and damnd blasphemies,
In sundry cursed volleys, scale the skies,
When men more brutish then the Horse or Mule,
Who know not to obey, presume to rule,
Thus Church and Common wealth, and men, are
(Much like the Picture) out of frame or square,
And if 'twere possible our fathers old
Should live againe, and tread upon this mould,
And see all things consulted, overthrowne,
They would not know this Countrey for their own,
For England hath no likelihood or show
Of what it was but seventy years ago,
Religion, manners, life, and shapes of men,
Are much unlike the people that were then,
Nay, Englands face, and language is estrang'd,
That all is Metamorphis'd chop'd, and chang'd,
For like as on the Poles the World is wholl'd,
So is this Land the Bethlem of the World,
That I amazed, and amated am,
To see Great Britain turn'd to Amsterdam,
Mens braines and wits (two simples bear together)
From thence, mix'd and compounded, are sent hither,
For Amsterdam is landed (as I heare)
At Rye, or Hastings, or at Dover Peere,
At Harwich, Ipswich, Sandwich, or at Weymouth,
And at Portsmouth, Dartmouth, Plymouth, Falmouth,
At Yarmouth, and at the Ports of Fimouth,
And Westward unto Bristol, and to Monmouth;
From all these Mouthes, and more, mad fects are sent,
Who have Religion all in peeces rent,
One would have this, another would have that,
And most of them would have they know not what,
God give us peace, and ease us of our paine,
And send those Sects, from whence they came againe.

The

The Papist and the Schismaticke; both grieves
The Church, for she's like Christ (between two Thieves)
I tooke the Covenant twice of late,
Where I protested not to innovate.
T'avoid all Popish Rite, and to expresse
Obedience to what *Englands* Church profess,
My Loyalty unto my King is bent
With duty to the Peeres and Parliament,
With Prayers, and my best service for them all,
That on them may heavens chiefest blessing fall,
That with one heart, as one man, with one mind;
(For Gods great glory) they may be combine'd,
And never vary, but go boldly on,
To end the good worke which they have begun:
This is the Sum (with ne'er shall be forsooke)
Of what I in the Covenant have tooke,
But, for all this, I may be mannerly
In Gods House, and be free from Papistrie;
I hope I may put off my hat, and bee
Allow'd to kneel, and pray, and bow my knee,
When as divine Command bids, onely then
I'll bow to God, and not to Saints or Men,
And from those duties I will never vary,
Till death, or order do command contrary.
Th'Almighties Name be ever prais'd and blest,
That Romish Superstition is suppress'd,
We have no Abbies, Abbots, Friars or Monks,
Nor have we Nuns, or Stews allow'd for Punks;
We have no Masses, nor no Mas-Priests heere,
But some are hang'd, and some are fled for feare.
All those that are so bold to stay behind,
I wish they may like entertainment find;
Beades, Bables, Reliques, Tapers, Lamps or Lights,
We have no superstitious Romish Rites,

We

We seeke our Pardons from our heavenly hope;
And not by workes or favour from the Pope;
To Saints we make no prayer or intercession,
And unto God alone we make Confession;
We hold no reall Presence in the Bread,
And wee doe know King *Charles* our Supream head
(Beneath God, who hath plac'd him in his Throne)
For other Supream, we acknowledge none.
No purgatory, Image, Wood, or Stone,
No Stocke, or carved Blocke, we trust upon,
Nor is our Church discretion here so little,
As to baptize with cream, with sale and spittle.
We have as many Sacraments, as Heaven
Ordain'd; which are but two, and Rome hath seven,
We doe not christen Bells, and give them Names
Of *Simon*, *Peter*, *Andrew*, *John*, and *James*;
We use no Pilgrimage, or Holy-water,
Nor in an unknowne tongue our prayers scatter;
All these, and many more, in Rome are us'd,
Which are by us rejected and refus'd.
And yet too many faults, alas remains,
Which are the Churches, and the Kingdomes stains,
The Church Tryumphant is most cleare from spots,
The poore Church Militant hath still some blots,
Here's all imperfect, something's still amisse,
And nothing's blest, but in Externall Blisse.

Meane time, rill wee amend, and leave our crimes,
The Picture is the Emblem of the times.

FINIS.

